

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make haile.

*Enter Horatio and Mar-
cellus.*

Francisco. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is
there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Marcellus. O, farewell honest Souldiers, who hath re-
lieu'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.

Bar. Say what, is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a fantasie,
And wll not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice scene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That

Prince of Denmarke.

That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights scene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's Westward from the Pole;
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,

Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble & look pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleuee,
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

A 3

Mar.